

Topeka State Journal

An Independent Newspaper.

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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FULL PLEASD WIRE REPORT
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Sweden's move in asking the United States to call the neutral nations to gather in a conference to formulate a concerted protest against the activities of Great Britain in the matters of censoring the mails and interfering with commerce, also serves to emphasize the mistake that the neutrals made in not forming a coalition of this sort at the very beginning of the war, to take united action against the aggression of any of their rights by any of the European belligerents.

Apparently one of Mr. Brandeis's most glaring faults, as is evidenced by the testimony before the senate committee that is investigating his qualifications for the place on the supreme court of the United States to which President Wilson has nominated him, is that he has never tried to please everybody. However, that is a virtue, rather than a fault. The genial gentleman who tries to please everybody never does much that is worth while.

If infidelity reigns among the educated classes of Latin-America to the extent of a report recently presented to Congress on Religious Work in Latin-America, then the future of Latin-America is not a very rosy or substantial one. But it is often the case that reports of this character are exaggerations. Too many of the investigators and reformers judge a whole people or class by the activities of the few with whom they may come in contact.

Topekan are reported to eat the best food but mostly when it is in season. Which is another testimonial to the fact that Topeka is an out-of-the-season stuff generally has a disappointing taste to it, regardless of its fancy price. If you doubt this, pay a visit to a "spring" chicken about as big as a pigeon and then see how it eats.

Evidently there are not many Democrats among the local contractors who are puzzled at the rise in the prices of all building material. Else this would also be charged to the European war.

With millions of dead ducks in the Cheyenne bottoms, killed by some sort of a mysterious disease, and reports from other places of dead ducks being found here and there, and apparently the victim of the same malady, it seems certain that the protection accorded the ducks by the federal migratory bird law is far from being sufficient.

Topeka is progressing, at least, in one desirable direction. Its death rate is decreasing and its birth rate is increasing.

Carranza is doing a fine thing for Mexico in establishing something that approaches an adequate system of public education, but he'd be doing a more important thing for his country if he would capture Villa and his fellow bandits.

Present indications are that the dove of political peace won't be on the job to any extent in these United States during the next eight months.

While the war strength of Kansas is estimated at 343,568 men, its peace strength can be set down at approximately 1,700,000 men, women and children, or the entire population of the state including the men available for war. Kansas are for peace first, and all the time, but they'll fight, of course, if they have to, and being ordinarily sensible folk they also must realize that they and their brethren the country over should be adequately prepared for any fighting that might have to be done.

DUST.
It is what you try to throw in your fellow men's eyes while they try to toss it into yours, says Collier's. It is what we all return from and that to which we return, thus vouchsafing to some solemn divine opportunity to complete the quotation of "Ashes to ashes." It is the substance that impairs the breathing apparatus of many millions and deals out a pack of diseases—of every degree of importance, from the ace to the twospot—at any

blow corner or in any unswept tenement. A devil to the housewife, it is a benign god to the maker of brooms and vacuum cleaners. "Dust—the most pernicious substance in the world!" cries the intolerant reformer. Patience, patience, good friend! Were it not for the dust mote, how could we ever perceive the beam of sunshine shining through the shadowy room? Besides, there is star dust.

THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS.
Probably none of the girls at the University of Kansas will sigh for the "good old days" in dancing, because they are not sufficiently aged to remember them. But the edict of Mrs. Eustace Brown, their official mentor in matters of this sort, that there must be no bodily contact—nothing that savors of hugging, in other words—in the dancing on Mt. Oread, recalls the fact that the old-fashioned "round dances" that were considered perfectly proper for the mothers of today called for exceedingly close formations.

Reports that thousands are starving in the flooded districts of Louisiana and that appeals for relief have failed to bring results do not sound very good.

FEDERAL CONTROL URGED.
Particularly in the federal government through the United States public health service in the study and control of tuberculosis is urged by a resolution just adopted by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The National Association proposes that by act of congress a special division of tuberculosis be established in the United States public health service with an adequate appropriation. This division should be manned by experts and should study the tuberculosis problem from every point of view and should, so far as possible set up standards for the treatment and prevention of the disease throughout the country. One of the problems which it is proposed to study first would be that of the indigent and consumptive, particularly in the health resorts of various parts of the United States, such as California, New Mexico, Colorado and Texas. Another problem which it is proposed should be studied is that relating to the causes of tuberculosis. A bill introduced by Congressman Kent of California in the house and by Senator Norris of Nebraska in the senate provides for some of the things which the National Association asks for and also for a federal subsidy to hospitals caring for nonresidential consumptives.

Commenting on the resolution, Dr. Charles J. Hatfield, executive secretary of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, says: "In spite of the fact that tuberculosis is costing the United States from \$500,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000 a year in lives lost, the amount of money being spent on it by all private and public agencies is not much more than \$20,000,000; and while a nation-wide crusade to stamp out tuberculosis has been organized, we are still ignorant of many of the factors that produce it. A few thousand dollars wisely spent in scientific research under federal supervision will secure results of incalculable benefit to this country."

If the sensational charges against the army aviation service are true, it becomes evident that Uncle Sam's aircraft are as woefully inefficient as are his submarines. And isn't it about time that the United States began to get a little something worth while for the money it spends for military and naval purposes?

IT'S A DEATH WATCH.
What a terrible indictment for the policy of "Watchful Waiting." During the years 1912, 1914 and 1915, no less than 76 Americans were killed in Mexico, and 20 civilian Americans and 10 soldiers were killed on American soil as a result of the Mexican troubles. But these figures do not happen to tell all of the horrible story. Since the end of the year 1915, a considerable number of other Americans have been slaughtered in Mexico, including the large company of American mining men who were shot down like dogs at San Ysabel. Comment is unnecessary. The frightful facts speak for themselves.

Should the history of the European war repeat itself in another particular, just about the time that the Grand Duke Nicholas gets in a position to beat to a pulp the Turks and the Teutons ranged against the Russians in the Caucasus, on renewing the war, he will run out of munitions and supplies, and be compelled to stage another difficult retreat.

OLD IDEAS IN NEW CLOTHES.
In the March American Magazine Sid says: "Two interesting expressions have appeared in a few years, 'selling yourself' and 'selling the other fellow.' To 'sell yourself' is to convince yourself of the soundness of your own ideas; to 'sell the other fellow' is to convince another of the soundness of your position is right. 'He is absolutely sold on himself' and 'He has sold me' comes, are frequently heard among salesmen. Whoever you are, wherever you are, keep on 'selling the other fellow.' Never let up. When younger men, or other men, come into your office, do not depend on them to dig up the store of your own ideas. They will be really impressed only by fresh exhibits of your ability. You must begin with them almost as if you had never achieved anything, and convince them by day that you can do great things. One new example of what you can do is more convincing to your new associates than a whole store-room full of traditions of past performances. Many a young man, too 'sold' on his boss, either because

the boss is played out and has nothing to 'sell,' or because he has grown indifferent to the work of 'selling.' 'Stuffed clubs' and 'old crabs' are among the expressions used by the young to describe those who have hardened to the point where they think it unnecessary ever again to win anybody or explain anything. They become jawbreakers—a high position especially reserved for persons of great solemnity who, when they fall, fall far enough to make the sight worth seeing. Keep on 'selling yourself.' Keep your mind active and keep up faith in what your mind produces. Have enthusiasm and self-confidence. Have illusions. Death comes when illusions pass. There isn't necessarily a funeral, but death has come just the same. Without illusions you go around and bore people. Nothing remains to interest you. No way remains by which you can interest others. Did you ever stop to think that people are far more interested in your illusions than anything else about you? Wives must keep on 'selling' their husbands, and husbands must keep on 'selling' their wives. Children must 'sell' their parents, and parents must 'sell' their children. In no other way is confidence between human beings maintained. When the effort to 'sell' stops, the tie that binds is broken."

Journal Entries
Were silence really golden more people would practice it.
No cause is so worthless as not to have a number of ardent supporters.
Nor does the selfish man get much real enjoyment out of the things he has.
Too many people are free to offer suggestions that they would not act on themselves.
More men would be heroes if they only had the opportunities, or that's what they think.

Jayhawker Jots
Too many men emulate the rooster, declares the Peabody Gazette, and crow before the day's work is started. When a man writes a letter to his congressman, says the Atchison Globe, all he gets out of it is an answer.
There's always more curiosity than sympathy in the crowd at an accident, points out Ellis Clarke in the Ottawa Herald.
We once knew a Perfect Boy, says the Atchison Globe, and it continues and concludes the story with: He is in the front of the Caldwell News.

Those Short Skirts.
Toledo has a councilman who is framing an ordinance to fine any woman \$5 for appearing in public wearing a skirt that doesn't come down to her shoes. Whereat Ben Hoover lets fly with this:
Back to the days of garments staid,
For comely matron and tidy maid,
When our circles were of decent size,
To wear the duds at which men stare.
And shorten the gaze of bold male fiends,
But Mr. Councilman, framing the law,
Has made a noble woman's skirt
Extend pretty near to the crook of the knee.

Evening Chat
BY RUTH CAMERON.
Do you ever praise your husband's friends? You, in this case, means wives, of course, and all wives are potential if not actual wives. I hope no woman will lay this article aside merely because she isn't at present of the matrimonial estate.

As for the men—well, I know all husbands will prick up their ears when they read that question, and bachelors don't complain. The average American husband shows in permitting his wife to select the friends with whom they shall spend most of their leisure time, and in entertaining and associating with her family rather than his, is something I have remarked upon before. I think it exists partly because the country (I believe the opposite is true abroad) the ties between a woman and her family are stronger than those between a man and his. The average American business man is so absorbed in his business that he leaves the arranging of all social relations to his wife.

But one aspect of this matter I do not either like or understand, and that is the antagonism the average wife seems to feel for her husband's masculine friends. Surely his companionship deserves some better reward than the little kindnesses and thoughtful, unselfish women who reward their husbands' companionship in entertaining and associating with their family. I know many otherwise kind, thoughtful, unselfish women who reward their husbands' companionship in entertaining and associating with their family. I know many otherwise kind, thoughtful, unselfish women who reward their husbands' companionship in entertaining and associating with their family.

Some are open in their dislike. Some openly express this dislike, objection to their husbands' friends, are always making deprecatory comments upon them; still others do not even admit the dislike to themselves, but cannot keep it entirely out of their manner. There is no real graciousness in their welcome of the bachelor friends; they cannot keep the welcome sincere of constraint from being palpable, nor entirely conceal their relaxation and relief when he is gone.

It is a strange and unworthy kind of jealousy, this resentment of theirs. I do not like it. And they could give me as pleasant a time as I could give them. A young married friend of mine told me the other day of an experience of hers in a very interesting first question. She had always disliked her husband's favorite bachelor friend, a man of great worth, unfortunately secured by a different manner. Wife-like, she had taken no pains to conceal this dislike. By a circumstance, however, she had come to know this man better, and one day said something in praise of him to her husband. She said her husband's delight at her praise was really touching. "It opened my eyes," she said, "and since then I've tried to see the good instead of the bad in my husband's bachelor friends, and to see what a good time I could give them whenever they came instead of trying to make their visits a burden to me. I can tell you, virtue has been doubly its own reward both in my husband's pleasure and in what I get out of it myself."

I hope her experience may open some other woman's eyes, too. (Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service.)

Globe Sights
BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.
To talk is human, to listen divine. Much of the New Thought is old foolishness revised.

If you think the entire world is wrong, you're wrong.
The more men folks there are in some families the less work is done.
The get-together spirit suffers a puncture every time it is "cranked" up.
The inspiration which gets out a heavy vote is a desire to vote against somebody.

A man who doesn't hate himself occasionally doesn't look himself over very often.
You should find a better outlet for your enthusiasm than applauding a movie play.
About nine times out of ten, when a man asks you to be fair, he wants you to agree with him.

The time has past when a man can gain many votes by trying to look like Abraham Lincoln.
Some of those who are so easily shocked are going around looking for opportunities in that line.
Refusal to recognize a drunken man as a human being, an acquaintance, and who should be listed among the white lies.

It is Noble of the Boy Scouts to do a little act every day, but they should constitute a more painful task.
Don't ask too much credit for doing your duty. It is generally speaking, it means a more pleasant career than riotous living or shiftlessness, besides paying better wages.
It has been discovered why Jude Johnson likes to attend revival in tabernacles. Usually the floor of a tabernacle is covered with saw dust, and Jude can spit anywhere he pleases.

On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOLLTON.

Got it! It's a sneeze.
Then it's a sneeze.
And then it's a sneeze.
You think you will die.
As an underdone ham.
You don't care a bang.
There's noise in your head.
Like Niagara rushing.
From the throbs and the rush
Of your grand old nose.
You shake and you shiver.
Then parrot and grizzle.
One minute.
The next one a chill.
You breathe through your ears.
And you think the devil's your nose.
And ache like the devil.
The world's upside down.
And you don't care a rip.
For it's caught you, it's tight.
Just the same darned old GRIP!

Uncle Abner.
Every once in a while an explosion tells of the sad fate of another devotee to the celluloid collar habit.

A fellow who buys a \$2 necktie when he has got a full beard ain't got no call to complain of hard times.

There are so many ways of getting to heaven nowadays that there is sure going to be an awful collision if they all try to run into the terminal station at the same time.

No man is so much of a failure in life that he doesn't think he is qualified in some way to tell the editor how to run the paper.

There is only one thing that you get so regular as a country hotel as to roast pork and apple sass. It seems to be human nature to be kind to eggs when they are 50 cents a dozen and to get mighty sick of 'em when they are 15 cents a dozen.

Breaking Into Print.
At last his name
In print appears.
He cuts his corus
With rusty shears.
—Youngtown Telegram.
I saw his name
In type quite bold;
He took quick dope
To cure a cold.
—Shardona Tribune.

At last his name
Appears to us.
He stood in front
Of a fitney bus.
—The Caldwell News.

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IF YOU WERE MINE.

If you were mine, the hills and plains
That seem today so serene and fair
From weary months of cruel drought,
Would smile like poppies after rains.
Or, if you were mine, the fields would
While perfumes drifting from the south
Make earth and life seem more divine—
If you were mine, if you were mine.
If you were mine, the stony ways
My feet have trodden all these years
In shades like dim cathedral aisles
Where struggling, sublimed, siting
play
Over mine who pass in holy tears
The silence of the afterlife.
Would lead to vistas wide and fine
Vales of peace, if you were mine.
If you were mine, the God who knows
The most secret secrets of the heart,
Who marks the hour each wayward rose
Shall bloom and fade, and fall apart,
Who notes the wounded sparrow's cry
And grieves when stricken spirits pine,
Would hear my faintest prayer or sigh
And smile on me—if you were mine.
—Calmer Lucke, in Minneapolis Journal.

The Evening Story

Circumstantial Evidence.
(By Leslie Conner.)

One by one the men in the bank returned from their vacations with tales of prowess and skill which varied according to age and circumstances from Mr. Witherspoon, the president, to Johnny Doubleday, who ran errands. Barrymore was last. "But not least," thought Virginia Dale with amusement. Back in her wire cage, strumming the keys on an adding machine, she had heard the wonderful bits of Nimrod history. "These men—how like overgrown boys they are! And now we shall see how Dick Barrymore turns the world around while he is away."

Dick departed to the Canadian woods and returned, as Virginia had predicted, with a story of two wonderful bucks and a moose. The heads were at a table in the bank when they were ready the moose was to hang in the bank.

"He's stretched it even further than I thought it would," Virginia commented dubiously. "I doubt if he ever even saw a moose in his life."

In due time the head arrived. It really was wonderful, with antlers like the boughs of an old oak. Barrymore was voted the pride and joy of the Second National and the trophy was given a place of honor near the door.

Virginia stopped her work a minute to watch the hanging. Dick turned at the same instant and their eyes met. Something in the girl's expression made Dick flush. After that, she was doubly sure she was right. For Dick had all the appearance of guilt.

A few weeks later, she went into a hardware store to buy a pair of scissors. As she entered, the window display held her, for as a background for a lot of firearms, cartridges and hunting knives, were hung the heads of all kinds of animals.

"That is a fine collection of animals," she said to the salesman. "The old man scratched his head. 'You're right,' he said. 'I've a heap of 'em collectin' them things. An' it was a darn sight finer before he sold the moose. I didn't want him to do it.'"

"The moose? Was there a moose, did you say?"
"Yes, that's what I said. The finest head of a bull moose you ever saw in your life."

"Could you—do you know who he shot it?"
"Why, yes. I suppose it's down in the dog book."

After a rummage in the safe. "Yes, here it is. Number twenty-ninth. One hundred and seventy-five dollars. Richard B. Barrymore."

"Dick," she said, "I agree with you, it was too bad to break the collection. Good afternoon." And Virginia departed.

It was Thursday and Virginia had asked for the day off to shop in a city sixty miles away. She boarded an interurban car to return in the evening. The only vacant seat was right behind her and she took it. Dick occupied a seat alone and Virginia sat next to him. He was beside him contained twenty thousand dollars. Dick brought the bag over on Thursday and put in the vault upon his return.

"I can't understand it at all," she thought, studying his profile. "Of course, he's a millionaire, but why wouldn't he get the habit among all those donkeys braying their heads off." She flushed suddenly and looked out of the car window. "Perhaps I'm trying to defend him to myself. Then, defiantly, "But he lied about the moose head to all of us. There's no getting over that."

The trolley ate up miles of flat country, stopping at stations now and then to take on or let off ruralites. Air in the car was close and hot. Dick's eyes closed; but his head rolled sideways and Virginia heard a gentle snore.

By and by, three miles along the road, the car was discharging its passengers, but Dick slept on. Virginia became indignant. "If a bank was trusting me to carry a bag of money, I wouldn't give it to me. I'd be sure to get it off at the next stop."

A little imp of mischief perched on Dick's head and whispered, "Give him a scare." Another imp moved her arm over the back of Dick's seat and closed her fingers around the thick leather handle of the bag. Shaking, she lifted it over the back and when the car stopped at Truesdale to let a woman on, she slipped it into Dick's satchel and twenty thousand dollars.

Nothing happened that evening, and her weariness was as keen as her nervousness. She lay on all night with one hand on the telephone and the other on the bag in case of thieves.

Early the next day she got out for the bank, arriving before any of the men. She locked the bag in her own closet and waited. But, to her surprise, there was no commotion. Nothing in any way unusual about the routine of business. Dick was his usual assured self and acted as though nothing had happened. "I was so sure," she thought, "that I was going to get it off at the next stop."

The bell rang at eight, and she fairly gasped with relief when Dick Barrymore came in.

SO EASY!

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"Yes, I saw you!"
"But—how could you?"
"I was only pretending sleep. There was rumble I was robbed, so I took that way of finding out the guilty one."

"But, if you saw, why did you let me?"
He laughed. "The joke was too good. There wasn't anything in the bag but a few stones. I thought you



Household Hints

The Table.
Cracked Wheat—Ordinary wheat, put through the coarse grinder of the food chopper. Requires less time to cook if the grains are broken.

Peach Dumplings—To one can of sweetened canned peaches add a cup of sifted flour mixed with a level teaspoon of baking powder. Cover with a close fitting lid and cook five minutes; serve as soon as done. The fruit and liquid make the sauce for the dumplings. A favorite cold-weather dessert, quickly made.

Patty Cake Recipe—Beat the whites of two eggs stiff, then beat separately one whole egg and put together; add gradually, while stirring, one-half cup of granulated sugar and one-half cup of milk. Bake in a greased pan, spoonful of baking powder and one-fourth cup of melted butter; flavor with vanilla.

Fig Pudding—Three ounces beef suet, one-half pound figs (chopped), two one-third cups figs, stale bread crumbs, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup milk, one-half cup cream, one-half cup butter, one-half cup raisins, one-half cup currants, one-half cup almonds